How doe you Madam, how doe you my good Lady?

Def. Faith halfe asleepe.

Em. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?

Def. With who?

Em. Why with my Lord Madam.

Def. I ha none, doe not talke to me *Emillia*,
I cannot weepe, nor answer haue I none,
But what should goe by water: prethee to night
Lay on my bed our wedding sheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

Em. Here is a change indeed. *Exit.*

Def. 'Tis meete I should be vsde so, very well;
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke
The smallest opinion, on my greatest abuse.

Iag. What is your pleasure Madam, *Enter* Iago. *and* Emillia.
How ist with you?

Def. I cannot tell: those that doe teach young babes
Doe it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes,
He might ha chid me so, for in good faith,
I am a child at chiding.

Iag. What is the matter Lady?

Em. Alas *Iago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such despite, and heauy termes vpon her,
As true hearts cannot beare.

Def. Am I that name *Iago*?

Iag. What name faire Lady?

Def. Such as she sayes my Lord did say I was?

Em. He call'd her whore: A begger in his drinke,
Could not haue layed such tearmes vpon his Callet.

Iag. Why did he so?

Def. I doe not know, I am sure I am none such.

Iag. Doe not weepe, doe not weepe: alas the day.

Em. Has she forsooke so many noble matches,
Her Father, and her Countrey, all her friends,
To be cald whore? would it not make one weepe?

Def. It is my wretched fortune.

Iag. Beshrew him for it; how comes this tricke vpon him?

Desd.

Def. Nay, heauen doth know

Em. I will be hang'd, if some e
Some busie and insinuating rogu
Some cogging, cousening slaue, t
Haue not deuisde this slander, I'l

Iag. Fie, there is no such man

Def. If any such there be, hea

Em. A halter pardon him, and
Why should he call her whore?
What place, what time, what for
The Moore's abus'd by some ou
Some base notorious knaue, som
O heauen, that such companions
And put in euery honest hand a w
To lash the rascall naked throug
Euen from the East to the West.

Iag. Speake within dores.

Em. O fie vpon him; some s
That turnd your wit, the seamy s
And made you to suspect me wit

Iag. You are a foole, goe to.

Def. O Good *Iago*,
VVhat shall I doe to win my Lo
Good friend goe to him, for by
I know not how I lost him.

Iag. I pray you be content, t
The businesse of the State does
And he does chide with you.

Def. If t'were no other.

Iag. Tis but so, I warrant yo
Harke how these Instruments s
And the great Messengers of *V*
Goe in, and weepe not, all thing
How now *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I doe not finde that tho

Iag. VVhat in the contrary

Rod. Euery day, thou doffst

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22304) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.33